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Sir

N.A. White

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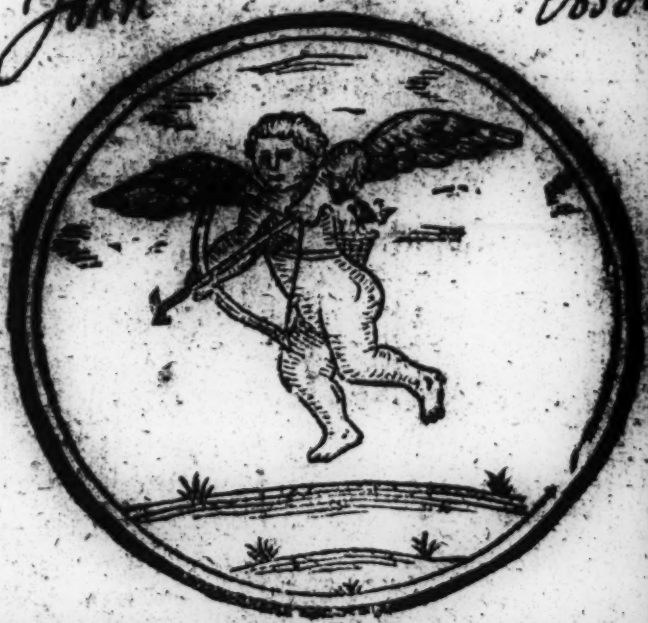
CUPIDS POSIES.

For Bracelets, Hand kerchers and Rings,
With Scarfes, Gloves, and other things;
Written by Cupid *on a day,*
When Venus *gave him leave to play.*

Verbum sat amanti.

The Lover sheweth his intent,
By guifts that are with Posies sent.

John



Printed at London for *Iohn wright*, and are to be sold at his Shop in the Old-Baily, neere Newgate 1642.

TO HIS MOTHER VENUS.

Cupid Dedicateth his *Posies*.

MOther, your love to me was shown,
Before that I could goe alone,
For with Nectar *then you fed me,*
And in tender manner bred me,
Till perceiving once that I
Was able on my wings to fly,
I did descend unto the Earth,
With my Bow to make some mirth:
For all the world is my Parke,
Where when I shoot I hit the marke;
Young men and Maidens are my game,
While I the little Bow-man am.
Yet, lest you may thinke my leasure
I do onely waste in pleasure,
These Posies *I have writ of late,*
Which to you I dedicate,
That so the love may be expreſt
Of your Sonne that loves you best.

CUPIDS POSIES.

I That Cupid called am,
And still neder be a man;
But ever the blinded Boy,
That breeds lovers much annoy:
Having gotten on a day
From my Mother leave to play,
And obtained use of sight,
I in wantonnesse did write,
These sweet Posies upon Fans,
And to lovers doe commend,
Which if they be writ within
The little circle of a Ring,
Or be sent unto your loves
With fine hand-kerchers or gloves:
I doe know that like my darts,
They have power to wound the heart:
For in steade of flowers and Roses,
Here are words wound up in posies.

I.

A Posie written on a paire of Bracelets, and sent by a young man to his Love.

My love these Bracelets take,
and thinke of them no harme:

Cupids Posies.

But since they Bracelets be,
let them embrace thy arme,

2. Another.

Receive this sacrifice in part,
From the altar of my heart.

3.

I doe owe both love and duty,
To your vertue and your beauty.

4.

A Posie sent with a paire of Gloves.

You are that one
For whom alone,
my heart with onely care:
Then doe but leyne
Your heart with mine,
and wee will make a paire.

5.

Another.

I send to you a paire of Gloves,
If you love me,
Leave out the G,
And make a paire of Loves.

6. Another.

Though these gloves be white and faire,
Yet thy hands more whiter are.

7. Another.

These gloves are happy
that shall kisse your hands,

which

Which long hath held my heart
in Cupids bonds.

8.

The posie of a Lover to his disdaining Mistresse

Vt stella in tenebris,
Sic amor in adversis.

Englished:

As the starre in darkest night:
So love despised shineth bright.

9.

The Posie of a Hand-kercher sent from a young man to his *Love*, being wrought in blew silke.

This Hand-kercher to you assures
That this, and what I have is yours.

10. Another.

Love is like a hidden flame
Which will at last
blaze forth againe.

11.

Another in Letters.

My love is true which I O U,
As true to me then C U B.

12.

The Posie of a Ring sent to a Maid from her lover.

My constant love, shall never remove,

13. Another.

This and I, untill I dye,

14.

Memento mei.
When this you see,
Remember me.

15.

Like to a circle round, no end in loue is
Take me with it; for both are fit. (found,

A young mans conceit to his deare loue, being wrought upon a Scarfe.

This Scarfe is but
A gauble of my loue,
Which I haue sent, with full intent,
my seruice to approue.

Another wherein the Lover seeketh

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded vs both to the heart:
Then since we both do feele one paine,
Let one loue cure vs both againe.

A young mans Posie to his Sweet-heart, shewing that loue is most violent in absence.

Loue is a flame that with
a violent rebine,

Doth

Doth burne us most inwardly,
[illegible]
As those that dye
are said for to depart;
So when you went away,
all life forsoke my heart.
For though with wordy paine,
I draw my dery breath,
Yet this I will maintaine,
Departure is a Death.

20.

A Lover comming into a Maidens Chamber in her absence, did write this Prosic on her Looking-glasse.

In this same Lookinglasse,
my watry eyes I fix
But I doe with that thou couldst shew
her cheerefull eyes to me.
Yet why doe I accuse thee here?
its not thy fault, thou art cleere;

21.

Posies of Rings for young Lovers which have newly discovered their affections.

Let me serve still I desire.

22. Another.

Had I not spoke, my heart had broke:
The utmost scope of love is hope.

23.

Loves delight is to write,
I now use fine for love to you.

24.

Love I have, yet Love I crave.

25.

A Posie of a young Prentice sent to his Love, with a paire of Amber Bracelets.

Let these same binde
[illegible]
[illegible] sake,
And [illegible]
[illegible] sweet,
[illegible] will Indentures make.
And I will bind my selfe to bee
In love a Prentice unto thee.

26.

A Lovers short Posie in the praise of his Mistresse.

You have Venus lip and eye,
with Diana's chastity,
In those parts which are revealed
Venus beauty is expressed,
Yet there is some parts concealed,
which my fancy judgeth best.

27.

A Young-man to his Sweet-heart, setting forth the bitter effects of a disdained Love.

Love is like a golden tree,
Whose fruit most pleasant seemes to be,
Whiles disdaine doth never sleepe,
But this tree of love doth keep:
Yet I hope you will at last,
Thinke upon my service past.

28.

A Posie sent by a young man to a pretty young maid in the same Town, with a very faire point of Carnation colour Ribbon.

My dearest love I send
this Ribbon point to thee,
In hope the young men of the Towne,
shall not still point at me:
Because I am thy lover true,
Then grant me thy love sweet Sue.

29. Another.

There is no joy can be
to Lovers halfe so sweet,
As when that Lovers two agree,
and in one point doe meet.

30. The Posie of a Ring.

Thou art my heart.

31.

More deere to me than life can be.

32. Another.

Love is ioy without annoy.

33. Another.

Its in vain will to take or kill.

34. A Posie wrought in red silke Letters upon an ash-colour Scarfe.

Every letter here doth shew,
That my heart is link'd to you;
And by this token is expresse,
That you are the whom I love best.

35.

A Batchelors Posie sent with a faire paire of gloves to a young maid with whom he was to be married on the next holy day following.

Thou art a Maid, I am a Batchelor.
Thou art a Maid, my beauteous Saint.
And I a Batchelor to attaine
Then Sisters mutuall Venus hearts be sweet,
When two Maiden lovers meet.

36.

The posie of a Hand-kercher very fairely lac'd about with a flaming heart wrought in the middle.

Great is the griefe that I sustaine.

Which here is flamed by a flame,
That doth torment me in each part,
But chiefly setseth on my heart:
Yet rather than my heart shall turne,
From my Faith, in love Ile burne.

From a young man to his offended Mistris.

Dearest, if I have offended,
injoyne me then some pennance hard,
That my fault may be amended,
ere your favour be debard:
For if I must pennance doe,
Ile goe unto no Saint but you.

37.

A Posie sent to a Maid, being cunningly enterwoven in a silke Bracelet.

Kindly take this guift of mine,
For guift and giver both are thine.

38.

A Posie written in a peece of gilt paper folded up very neatly like a letter, and bound about with greene silk and so sent to a Maid that had the greene sicknesse.

Like to this silke which is so greene,
So doth thy fading colour seeme:
A letter changed in thy name,
Will bring your colour back againe,
Change N for Y my greene cheeke Nan,
For I doe see you lack a Pan.

39. Posies

39. Posies for Rings.

Faithfull Love, can never remove.

40. Another.

If you consent, I am content,

41.

To a Maid, engraven on each side of a Silver Bodkin.

Like to a Bodkin so is Love,
Sharpe untill the sweet we prove.

42.

To his sweet heart that had objected against him want of meanes.

Come my love, if love you grant,
What is it that love can want?
In thee I have sufficient store,
Grant me thy love, I wish no more.

A Posie sent from a maid to A young man with a very faire wrought purse.

My hearts Purse,
you are my wealth:
And I will keepe
you to my selfe.

43. The Posies of a Ring.

True love well plac'd, is never disgrac'd.

44.

I am your friend unto the end,

Yours

45.

Yours I am, be mine againe.

46.

Love it self discloses by gifts with posies

47.

A Posie sent with a paire of Gloves.

What should I write? some words doe (mode
Suspition unto those which lode;
Then without any further Art,
In one word, you have my heart.

48. Her reply.

Left for a heart you should complaine,
With mine I send yours backe againe:
For love to me this power doth give,
That my heart in your heart doth live.

49.

A young mans posie wrought in a Hand-kercher

A maiden vertuous chaste and faire,
Is a Jewell past compare,
And such are you in whom I find,
Vertue is with beauty joyn'd.

50.

A Maidens posie sent with a willow colour point to a young man that had forsaken her.

Your love was like a sparke

which

which in the [illegible]
That shineth for a time,
but afterward [illegible]
Since therefore you so faithlesse prove,
[illegible]

To a Mistrisse for a Ring.

Be true to me,
As I to thee.
But the abuse
To his sweetheart, [illegible]
purse with these Verses in it.

[illegible]
Only my heart it doth containe and hold.
I doe [illegible] you
In thee my choise.
One love, one troth
Betweene us both
Constant true love
Comes from above
You are my friend
Unto the end.

To a Maid, these lines were sent
with a scarfe.

This scarfe will keepe off the rude wind,
[illegible]

Which to your lips the way would find.
I would have none know the [illegible]
(But my Mary) so [illegible] mine,
Which I would have none else to taste,
Lest your lock or kisses waste.

Verses written on a Gentlewomans Lute, and left in her Chamber.

Lute I intreate thee to complaine,
To her that doth my love disdaine;
And when thy Mistresse commeth home,
Tell her that here hath been one,
Would, if she had not thought it much,
Have given her selfe a gentle touch.

On a Knife.

If you love me, as I love you:
Nothing can cut our love in two.

To a Gentlewoman, who appointed one to buy her a Maske, which he bought, and sent it with this Posie.

It is pitty you should were a Maske,
This is the reason if you doe aske:
Because it hides your face so faire,
Where Roses mixt with Lillyes are,
It clouds your beauty, so that we
Your cherry lips can seldome see,
And from your face [illegible]
Which is indeed [illegible] Paradise.

Verses sent with a paire of Bracelets.

These Bracelets like a circle shall
encircle [illegible] your arme,
Happy are they what ere betide,
that shall be thus kept warme.
And may they like true circles prove,
to raise in you a mutuall love,
Let Cupid the Magician be,
to charme your heart for to love me.

Posies for Rings.

I will remaine
Alwayes the same.
You and I
Will Lovers lye.
My vow is past
While life hath last.
Lovers knot once tide
Who can divide?

Verbum sat amanti.

Amo te,
Si amas me.
I love thee,
If thou love me.

To a faire Maid sent with a Posie of flowers

Beauty is like a flower, sweet Maid,
Which quickly doth decay and fade;
Then wisely now make use of time,

Since

Since you are now even in your prime.

Two lines embroydred on the top of a paire of Gloves

I wish that we thus were a paire,
As these happy Gloves here are.

Nick a Farmours sonne sendeth to *Joan* a yard of blew Ribbin with (*Hobson* these lines.

I send you here of Ribbon a whole yard
And money goeth with me very hard,
For else this yard two yards should be,
Since I doe hold nothing to dear for thee:
(will
And part therefore my love if that thou
In this same ribbō which is made of Silk.

A *Posie* wrought upon a Hank-kercher in silke Letters.

Doe not too lightly of me thinke,
Who write in letters Read or Inke,
To send this token I make shift,
Esteeme the giver, and not the gift.

A Posie on a *Thimble*.

He that sent me,
Loveth thee.

A Cabinet being sent to a Gentlewoman, these Verses were put in one of the Drawers.

This little Cabinet will conceale
All things which you would not reveale,

Your letters and your other things,
As your Jewels and your Rings:
Let me know them in what part,
Or how you will lay up my heart:
Which with it I do sent and pray,
That in your heart you would it lay,
Let me such favour from you get,
Make your heart my hearts Cabinet.

To a Maid a young man sendeth a silke girdle.

This girdle happy shall the place,
Round about the round pomeado waste,
I were happy, if in his place,
I might thy slender waste imbrace.

A Posie of foure lines written in red Letters on the foure sides of an Hand-kerchet

Things of most constancy shall are
Resembled to a solid square;
So my triangular heart shall be
A foure-square figure of constancy.

Posies for Rings.

Be thou mine,
As I am thine,
In weal and woe,
My love I'le show.
I will be true,
Always to you.

There

There is no joy
Like Love with ou Lawes,
Love crew is blest,
And prospers best.
Joy doth abound
Where love is found.
My vow that's past
Till death shall last.
I love none
But you alone.
To thée my faith I give
While I here do live.
Love joyneth bands
In marriage bands.

A Posie engraven about a Iewell sent to a Gentlewoman.

There is no Iewell I can see
Like love that's sent in constancie.

The Conclusion

Cupids Posies now at last are done,
And if you reade th5 al, you will like some.
For these new Posies are both sweet and (thiefe
And will ease the sighing lovers grief,
For Cupid having to much idle leasure,
Composed these some Posies for his plea- (sure.

A Posie to an unkind disdainfull Maid.

Each frowne of yours is like a Dart,

That wounded me with the heart:
What cause I have to it, if that I
By your cruell frowne from eye?
Since love my onely treasure is,
And shall I dye alas for this?

Her reply.

If alas, for love you chance to dye,
'Tis your one fault 'tis your heart, not I.

53. To a young Maid about fifteene yeares of age.

Fifteene years you now have staid,
Fie, 'tis too long to be a Maid.

54. A Posie engraven on a gold Ring.

By this Ring of gold,
Take me to have and hold.

55. Another.

What toy in life
To a good wife?

A Posie embroydred in a Scarfe.

Fairest, wear this scarfe which I do send
That may your beauty from the wind defend.
For I doe know the winds if like to me,
To kisse your lips and cheeks desirous be.

On the choyse of a wife.

If thou intend'st to chuse a wife
With whom to lead a happy life:
Looke not for beauty, since there are
Few that can be chast and faire;

But

But if thou doe her vertue find,
Which is the beauty of the mind:
Wooe her then to gaine consent,
For vertuous love can ne're repent.

Cupids Conclusion

Faire Maids, my Posies now are done,
Which for your sakes I first begun.
And young men here may likewise chuse,
Such Posies as they meane to use.
I Cupid writ them on a day,
When Venus gave me leave to play:
And if you like them for my paine,
Then Cupid meanes to write againe.

FINIS.
